

A GS Halloween by Me

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Summary: Just a Happy Halloween to everyone out there. Amazing, 3 reviews and 66 hits. I wish we had the hit counter when we first started.

***Chapter 1*: A GS Halloween by Me**

Disclaimer- I don't own Golden Sun, still.

No, I'm not really back; this is just a short Happy Halloween to everyone. (I'll probably drop back by on Thanksgiving and Xmas.)

I'm currently listening to the Escaflowne soundtrack while I'm writing this. It's very addicting. Also, the costume that Isaac wears in this is the one that I'm going to wear, if it gets here in time!

A GS Halloween by Me

The golden sun set slowly over the town of Vale, the golden rays of the sun shrinking behind the mountains as the people within retired from their jobs for the day. Normally, the people of the small town would rest for the evening; however, tonight was a very special night. All over Vale, lanterns were being lit, illuminating the darkness in the place of the sun. The entire populace set to work to celebrate the fruits of their harvest in the most extravagant fashion. The moon was barely rising above the mountains when all the decorations were placed, they were ready for Halloween.

One person however, was not helping with the festivities. From a high rooftop, he looked down on the townspeople, snickering to himself as he felt his plan flow together from the shadows. His voice echoed from the shadows before he disappeared, "Soon, this town will understand fear."

"Garet, are you done yet," a blonde boy asked, trying the best to smooth out his spiky hair in front of a mirror. The surrounding house was remained silent for a few moments more, the only sound the eerie moaning of the floor boards. Suddenly, there was a loud crash from the room, followed by a short curse. Sighing, the blonde boy opened the door to the other room, looking on in expiration at his friend that was sprawled across the floor.

"Isaac, help," the other boy called from the floor from his helpless predicament. The boy named Garet was wrapped around in a costume that was reminiscent of a court jester, the entire suit a bright array of colors. His tall shock of crimson hair stood straight up from where he was pinned to the floor, shaking steadily as he fought to free himself from the cloth bonds.

"Alright," Isaac moved over to free Garet from his prison, unwrapping the cloth and helping his friend to stand. Isaac's cobalt eyes shook with laughter as his friend rose from his trappings.

"Oh, shut up," Garet moaned sarcastically, glaring at Isaac momentarily. "Just how did you get into your costume so easily?"

Garet was clearly referring to Isaac's samurai costume. The cloth pieces were known as a gi and hakama, and had to be imported from Xian. He wore sandals on his feet, and a wooden sword, curved slightly with only one edge on the blade completed the outfit. The gi was a dark blue while the hakama was black. "Feizhi sent some instructions on how to wear it."

"Well, since you can do yours so easily, why don't you help me with mine," Gareth was still struggling with his even as Isaac had spoken, pulling up the tights to his waist. Quickly, he placed his arms in the sleeves, only needing for Isaac to help him zip the back up. Isaac complied with his friend's request, already ready to go to the festival in town. Their friends were probably there, and they wouldn't be happy if the two of them were late.

"Can we go now?" Isaac did his best to ignore how ridiculous Gareth looked, already starting to walk out the door. Gareth complied, trying his best not to trip in his costume.

"Jenna, could you hurry up," a cerulean haired woman shook her head slightly from the chair she sat in, shaking her long locks lightly in annoyance. Behind her, an auburn haired girl was picking through a lavish array of clothes, picking and choosing the pieces she wanted. The girl named Jenna quickly looked to the other one, sticking her tongue out immaturely.

"I'm almost done, Mia," she quickly moved to the other side of the room with the clothing articles that she had selected, opening a door and moving into the next room to change. Mia fidgeted quietly in her seat as she waited for her friend, reaching up momentarily to fix the white cat ears on the top of her head. They were a part of her costume, a cat girl. She had not wanted to use this costume; however, Jenna managed to coerce her into it. She wore a skin-tight blue dress that was cut short on her legs, much different from her usual attire. A long slit ran down her thighs on both sides, making the costume even more revealing. A long furry tail was attached to the back of the dress, completely limp. Mia's

self-reflection ended quickly however, Jenna stepping out from the other room in an exaggerated fashion.

"How does it look?" Jenna indicated her costume, which appeared to be a succubus. They had fought one once on their journey across Weyward, and Jenna looked surprisingly similar to the one they fought. She wore a black suit that hugged tightly to her skin, an open slit in the front of the costume revealing a bit more skin than Mia thought was necessary. Two horns extended from her hair, firmly planted on a dark headband. Two demonic wings were also attached to the back of her costume, both an eerie black.

"It looks good," Mia stated shortly, not wanting to expand any on the details. She stood, seeing that Jenna was ready to go. The two walked out the door and into the cold Valean night, finally ready to get to the festival.

"The others are late," Gareth observed rather loudly, disturbing Isaac from his sitting position on the grass. Isaac's view switched from the stars to Gareth as he prepared to comment on Gareth's obvious revelation. However, he was interrupted by two figures approaching in the distance.

"Hey, it's Mia and Jenna," Isaac said as the two people came closer, his eyes suddenly noticing Mia's costume soon after. A sharp blush ran across Isaac's face as he rapidly averted his gaze to the ground. Gareth was more enthused at the sight of Jenna however, his eyes glazing over as he stared at the succubus walking towards them.

"Hey guys," Jenna strode out confidently before the two guys, taking no notice of the drooling Gareth in front of her. Isaac mumbled a tiny hello from his drooping vantage point, trying his best not to look at Mia.

"Hi Isaac," Mia face matched his in tone, as she did her best to keep focused on Isaac eyes in embarrassment. Isaac tried his best to look at her, and eventually, his will power won out. He looked up to see Mia, and both blushed heavily when their eyes made contact. Mia stuttered out a compliment, "Your costume looks good."

"So does yours," Isaac managed after a moment, trying only to focus on Mia's face. The two stood there for a few moments, peaceably letting their minds keep their tenacious hold over their hormones.

"Wow, you two sure make it obvious," Jenna smiled slyly as she watched their embarrassment grow, before focusing on the drooling Neanderthal in front of her. The answer to her next question was an important one, and Gareth would be best to get it right, "How do you like my costume Gareth?"

"..." Gareth was unable to muster any sort of response, so enamored by the mysterious charm of the woman before him.

"I'll take that as a yes," Jenna smiled, then focusing her mind on other matters. "Just where are Ivan and Sheba at?"

"Don't forget about Felix and Piers," Mia welcomed the relief from her awkwardness for a few moments. She couldn't help how she felt around Isaac, but she could not bring herself to talk to him about it.

"Piers said that he had something to work on and would meet us in the old abandoned house at the edge of the village," Isaac managed to chip in when he recovered, trying his best not to stare at Mia. "I think Felix went to help him."

"That just leaves Ivan and Sheba," Jenna looked quickly to the festival further down the road. "They can't expect us to

wait around all night."

"We're here though," a bush suddenly rustled from the foliage, a cow walking out and speaking with a feminine voice. Awkwardly, the cow moved closer to the other adepts, finally collapsing to its side. The people inside struggled to get out, and finally, two blonds popped out from a seam in the cow's stomach.

"Can I be the head next time," the boy, who looked remarkably similar to the girl remarked, shaking his short blond hair and letting his violet eyes scan the world outside. "I can't stand not being able to see for that long."

"Maybe later," the girl stepped out from the costume, stretching her body before helping him out. She looked around at her friends, making positive compliments on their costumes.

"Why did you guys choose a cow?" Mia asked after a few moments, voicing the question that was on everyone else's minds.

"She..." Ivan stopped, remembering the secret that Sheba would leak to the others if he said a word, besides, the cow was much better than Sheba's first idea. (Had something to do with a ballerina outfit.) "Never mind."

"Well, let's get going" Jenna was impatient as ever, quickly moving ahead of the others toward the festival. She was followed after by the others, though Ivan and Sheba took a moment longer to redress themselves.

The festival was stocked with food, and the adepts enjoyed the vast feast. They had a place of honor at the tables,

sitting next to the mayor and his family. The hours dragged on, as they had to recount each of their adventures across Weyward, though they tended to ignore the more embarrassing moments, such as the time Gareth had mistaken the Ivan for a sandwich when they were running low on food, the entire problem of how Sheba and Felix managed to survive a fall from such a tall lighthouse, Jenna's discovery of Alex's secret makeup kit, and the time that Isaac and Mia were locked in a storeroom with only towels on. Clearly these parts of their adventure were not meant to ever be retold again.

The festival had to end at sometime, of course, and lucky for the adepts, it ended long before the night was over. They had said their goodnights to the townsfolk before heading down the old path to the abandoned house. Though it only seemed to spring up recently, the adepts weren't sure who had built it. Strangely, the old house had three stories, the outside a grayish tone that added to the gloom that seemed to permeate from the house. The six adepts ascended the creaking steps to the door, staying close together as they opened it and entered inside.

"Hello," Isaac's voice echoed through the emptiness, his call receiving no answer. Suddenly, the door behind the group slammed shut, a small click locking it automatically. Isaac felt a hand grip his arm, Mia holding onto him unconsciously.

"What is this?" Gareth was starting to panic as he tried his best to open the door, however, it refused to give in to his great strength. He quickly moved back and tried to use his psynergy to create a fireball, however, he couldn't seem to muster up the energy, as if it was being sapped from him.

"There's a barrier in this place," the head of the cow, also known as Sheba spoke, concentrating as best she could. "We

can't use psynergy in here."

"Then how are we going to get out?" Ivan's voice came out from the cow's rump, the inability to use his powers making his voice shaky.

"We'll have to split up and search," Isaac took the lead automatically, used to their travels. He then turned, feeling Mia's grip release from his arm momentarily. "Jenna, take Gareth and explore the third floor. Ivan, you and Sheba can explore the second floor. Mia and I will look through this floor. The adepts nodded in response, their fears only slight. They had faced much worse danger than a simple house in their journeys, and they trusted Isaac's judgment in these types of situations.

Garet and Jenna walked up the stairs as quietly as they could, though every few steps the stairs would groan under their weight. When they reached the third floor, it was deathly silent, the entire corridor bathed in the glow of pale moonlight. Gareth followed Jenna as they walked down the hallway, their senses expanding to encompass the unknown.

A sudden creak of a door opening shocked them, Jenna screaming loudly in surprise. Quickly, she jumped up into Gareth's arms, shaking against him. Gareth wasn't fairing much better, his knees knocking together as he awaited another sound.

"Maybe it was just our imaginations," Gareth tried his best to calm both himself and Jenna down in a light whisper, though the shadows playing in front of him begged to differ.

"I want to go home," Jenna mumbled into Gareth's chest, trying her best not to show her fear. A light thud of footsteps

silenced her however, the steady cadence coming from further up the hall. A creature of darkness slowly stepped out into the corridor, its body a ghostly white. Though the face was oddly familiar, the pair had little time to recognize it before it let out a blood curtailing scream that echoed throughout the hall and rushing at them.

"Run," Gareth yelled mainly to himself as he pumped his legs down the hall as fast as he could while carrying Jenna. Soon he was going to reach the end of the hallway however, and the monster behind him would have them cornered. Fate however, was on their side, a side door coming up to his right. Gareth forcibly flung himself and Jenna inside, slamming the door shut behind. They could hear the creature shoot past, their breaths relaxing when it had passed. They were in a small closet, with barely enough room for the two to sit.

"Thanks," Jenna breathed a sigh of relief, hugging Gareth close to her. Gareth returned the embrace instinctively, knowing that it was going to be a long night.

"Did you hear something?" Ivan asked Sheba from the cow's rear. He couldn't see anything, and it was bothering him to no end.

"No," Sheba replied uninterestedly, her head moving to take in more of the hall that they were walking down. There didn't seem to be any movement anywhere nearby, and there was nothing really of interest in the old house. She stopped at one door, looking inside. A gasp of surprise rang out as she saw someone inside, someone that she recognized.

"What is it Sheba?" Ivan asked from his blind vantage point. He didn't here a response for a few moments, Sheba's mind still piecing together what she was seeing;

"It's..." Sheba started, before she was cut off.

"What?" Ivan suddenly felt something reach around and capture him, pulling the suit into the room.

"Isaac," Mia was hanging onto him tightly as they walked down the hall, her head snapping at every strange noise. "Are we going to get out of here?"

"Sure," Isaac tried to hide the uneasiness from his voice. His heart was heavy as he checked another one of the rooms, his anxiety growing. Suddenly, he stopped, turning back to face Mia. "I know this isn't the best time Mia, but there's something that I need to tell you."

"What Isaac?" Isaac was awkwardly close to Mia, yet it felt strangely pleasant for him to be close to her. A slight blush spread across both of their cheeks, their eyes locking as their faces drew closer.

"I love you," Isaac bent down and lightly kissed Mia, hoping that she felt the same way. Mia returned his affection willingly, embracing him tightly.

"I love you to," she whispered, her fake cat ears rubbing against Isaac's chin.

The pair stood there in pure bliss for a few moments, not noticing that the floor beneath them was creaking loudly under their combined weight. Suddenly, the floor collapsed, an entire section breaking off below them. In an instant, the

pair had plummeted down to the basement below, the fall knocking them unconscious after they hit the hard ground.

Morning came quickly for the adepts trapped within the abandoned house, Garet and Jenna awoke in their closet, making their way out and into the empty house after the sun had rose. Sheba and Ivan awoke on the floor on the second floor, their attacker nowhere in sight. Isaac and Mia woke up quickly also, finding their way back upstairs after some "healing". The groups met up where they had entered the building, each recounting what had happened, minus a few details, of course.

"I saw Felix and Piers in here last night," Sheba told them, remembering what she had seen before being knocked out. "I think this entire thing was a prank on us."

"I'll get them," Jenna growled, moving toward the door that wouldn't open the night before. This time, it gave way easily, opening up to the sunny day outside.

"Wait," Ivan stopped Jenna, a brilliant plan forming in his head. "I have a better idea."

Now what Ivan's was planning to do was never really known. Some say that Felix and Piers were subjected to the same mistreatment on the next Halloween; others say that Jenna decided to ignore Ivan's idea and just fry the other two adepts. No one really knows what the adepts did for revenge, however, you can be assured that it was gruesome and completely too sick to every say in public.

All we can say is that in that night, three pairs of people were brought together, perhaps some foresight by both Felix and Piers.

Seeya later everybody and thanks for reading!